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IN OLENTEM BELLENDENI EDITOREM CARMEN ANTAMŒBÆUM.

WITH AN

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO THE

Free Tranſlator of the Celebrated Preface

TO

BELLENDENUS.

Diſcipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO THE FREE TRANSLATOR OF THE

CELEBRATED PREFACE to BELLENDENUS.

WORTHY SIR,

I Have the honour to gratulate you on your emerging from that dark abyſs, in which, like Milton's Satan, you trod the crude conſiſtence, that boggy Syrtis, neither ſea, nor good dry land. Great are the obligations of the unlettered multitude to your learned labours in tranſlating "the book which many cannot read;" its myſteries are now unveiled to idiotic eyes, and the book itſelf may well be conſigned to a dignified and oblivious repoſe in the unmoleſted libraries of the Great. Hail, great Elucidator of the realms of Chaos! The work is worthy of your talents and your virtue.

Yet

Yet in one thing methinks you fail. You might have recollected that the humour of Harlequin conſiſts in his agility, and his wit in his patch-work jacket; you have trammelled him to a ſolemn pace, and clothed him in a veſt uniformly black; his gambols and his wit are now no more. Perhaps in the nature of things it could not be otherwiſe; that only ſhows the abſurdity of your attempt: a trifle this, as it muſt be allowed that you have retained his dagger of lath, that redoubted weapon with which he performs ſuch wonders. At the touch of this, virtue is degraded, and becomes a jeſt; diſſoluteneſs, profligacy, and faction uſurp her honours; the man, who ſaved the Eaſt, is inſulted by thoſe reptiles, whoſe accurſed politics rent thirteen provinces from the Britiſh empire; the wiſe and good are held up as objects of deriſion; and the miniſter is execrated as having the guilt to be young, the effrontery to be virtuous, and the audaciouſneſs to ſave his country from

the ruin in which theſe preface-praiſed worthies were haſtening to ſink it. There are who ſhake their heads at theſe things; who look with contempt at this celebrated Preface, as a wretched bundle of indigeſted phraſes, the impertinent pedantry of an inſolent pedagogue, making his index—reading pander to his factious and dark malignity; who hold in abhorrence thoſe virulent and invidious accuſers, *quibus neque propter iracundiam fidem, neque propter infidelitatem honorem habere debemus;* who feel an honeſt indignation at ſeeing a pious and learned divine depreciate and ridicule the noble ſeverity of virtue, palliate the groſſeſt debauchery, and ſet forth the moſt profligate characters in all the exorbitance of peſtilent praiſe. No matter: theſe are only the wiſe and good: regard them not: let the glory of appearing in print continue to weigh more with you, than a regard to honour, juſtice, truth, and virtue.

An honeſt indignation has extorted this addreſs from me; etenim quis tam diſſoluto animo eſt, qui, hæc cum videat, tacere ac negligere poſſit? I therefore beg leave to preſent you with a few Latin verſes: I can eaſily conjecture how acceptable they will be to you. As you have ſhown the purity of Proſe in your free tranſlation of the celebrated Preface to *Bellendenus*, proceed to give us another ſpecimen of your exquiſite Poetry; oblige the many, which cannot read the original, with a free tranſlation of this never-enough-to-be-praiſed Poem, and be as animated as you can afford in your ſtrictures: a te, damnato viro, damnari, ea nempe ſumma laus eſt.

I have the honour to be, with all the reſpect due to your merit,

WORTHY SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant.

BELLENDENI

NUPERO EDITORI,

Rolliadas Petroſque Pindaros minanti,

CENTONUM CAUPONI,

Nec pertimeſcentis nec obmuteſcentis

CENTO

PAR PARI REFERT.

QUIS novus Orator, collatis undique membris
Arduus aſſurgens, faſtu ſe jactat inani?
Plurima de regnis, de rebus principe dignis
Plurima balbutit Græce, gannitque Latine.
Ecce docet Legum Doctor contemnere leges;
Hortator ſcelerum, caſtæ virtutis honores
Irridens, pravos non juſtis laudibus ornat,
Multos deinde bonos inceſſit ὀνείδεσιν αἰσχροῖς;
Barbaricumque ſtrepens infernis evocat antris

Monſtrum

Monſtrum tergeminum, cui ſit Coalitio nomen
Πρόσθε λέων, ὄπιθεν δὲ δράκων, μέσση δὲ χίμαιρα.

Heu, quantum ſceleris tulit hæc concordia diſcors!
Perfidiæ facilis, turpi jam fœdere junctus,
Demiſſis animis Fredericus, non ſibi conſtans,
In partes Volponis abit, (fuit Ilion, eheu!)
Quamvis ille niger, niger intus et in cute quamvis,
Sordidulus, balatro, veterator, perfidus, audax,
Curſu præcipiti vitium delatus ad omne,
Cui mala mens, animuſque malus; pereunte pudore
Invigilans ganeis, epulis, FARO-que inhoneſto;
Invigilet patriæ—miſeram quam prodidit olim.

Proximus accedit DRANCES, ſublimia ſpirans;
Cum faciem videas, quantivis eſſe videtur
Hic pretii; nil intus habet, ſed futilis auctor
Conſiliis, magno blaterans clamore furenſque,
Seditione potens, virtutis iniquus amicis,
Obliquâ invidiâ, ſtimuliſque agitatus acerbis,

Improbus,

* Improbus, immanis, truculentus, tetricus, atrox,
Criminibus multus fictis odia aſpera movit.

Huic ſpumoſus adeſt lepidus comes, ambitioſâ
Paupertate nitens, alieno inſignis in ære;
Ὅς ῥ' ἴπεα φρεσὶν ἧσιν ἄκουσά τε παλλά τε ἴδῃ
Μαὶχ, ἄταρ ἀυχ αὐδὴ σεμνὴ, θαλερὴν τε φρόνησιν
Pro patriâ orandum eſt: nolite repoſcere nummos
Solennem dare verba, λιγὺν περ ἐόντ' ἀγορητὴν.
Lubricus, et ſolers artes tentare paternas,
Σκώμματα jam fundit κωμικῶς, jamque τραγικῶς
Linguâ laſcivit, tinget, bacchatur, et aures
Obtundit, ſcurra ater, rabula, lixa, laniſta,
Et BEGUM, BEGUM, tumido delitigat ore,
Bombalio; ſtridor, clangor, taratantara, murmur.

* Quo ſenſu Virgilius de cornice clamoſâ,
Tum cornix plenâ pluviam vocat *improba* voce.

GEORG. I. 388.

Concordes

Concordes animæ, unde hæc tam dira libido
Incuſare virum, et diſcerpere nomen honeſtum?

Perfidiis veſtris clades infauſtaque bella,
Seditione domi veſtrâ reſpublica fracta,
Diſruptum imperium, patriæque ruentis Erinnys,
Turpis item fama, et contemptus, et acris egeſtas
Exagitant ſævas ſtimulis haud mollibus iras.
Illum autem, magnæ qui pergens robore mentis
Res Aſiæ fidus geſſit, pacavit et Indos,
Illum aſpectari, claroque incedere honore,
Macerat invidia, et rabie fera corda fatigat:
Hinc illæ lachrymæ, fremituſque hinc omnis obortus.

Tergemina his ſociis prorepſit bellua gaudens;
Τὴν μὲν Πιττ κατέπεφνε, θεῶν τεράεσσι πιθήσας,
Tartareos patulis efflantem faucibus ignes;
Proluvies immunda ruit de ventre ſoluto.

His

His novus Orator visis efferbuit irâ;
Et, ne quid cari capitis culive periret,
Deglutit fluidum virus, dein evomit æger;
Et quiddam lugubre sonans miserabile carmen
Exululat, fæviſque implet latratibus auras.
Tune hæc impune? Annon hinc te? Quis mihi fustem?
Ἐῤῥε, καὶκιστε κακῶν. φᾶυ. tetros edis odores.

11 7 19

FINIS.